

SIX GUN HEROES

SIX GUN HEROES

presents

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY

No 39

ALL NEW
OFFICIAL TV
SHOW

Jingles

Wild Bill Dickok

10¢

A CHARLTON PUBLICATION



My Pal!

Stop being a **SKINNY** Weakling like I was
IN 10 MINUTES of FUN A DAY YOU CAN DO ALL I DID

GAIN 25 lbs. of **HANDSOME**
POWER-PACKED MUSCLES all over!
IMPROVE YOUR HE-MAN LOOKS 1000%

WIN NEW STRENGTH

for money-making work!
for **WINNING** at all **SPORTS!**

WIN NEW POPULARITY

Win **NEW FRIENDS, BOYS & GIRLS**
NEW CHANCES for **BUSINESS SUCCESS**

Win
\$100
as I
just
did!

YOU CAN
WIN
a BIG 15"
SILVER CUP
as I just did!
with YOUR
NAME
engraved
on it!

JIM NORMAN
AFTER

He Mailed Coupon
Below is Cleveland

BEFORE

He Mailed Coupon

90 lb.
Skeleton

He says,
I gained
70 lbs.
of
mighty
muscle

Mail the
"ALL
FREE"
coupon
get this
"AMAZING
SECRETS"
Photo Book

You'll LOOK, FEEL,
ACT, like A Real
HE-MAN! Win Women
and Men Friends
Win in Sports!
Win Promotion,
Praise, Popularity

This BOOK will also show YOU HOW YOU
CAN WIN \$100.00 and a BIG 15" tall
SILVER TROPHY (Your Name On It)

How did I do ALL This? I
mailed the Coupon and got
These **5** PICTURE PACKED
HE-MAN COURSES

Which YOU can NOW get FREE

REGULAR \$1 PRICE GOES BACK
Mailbox Sale for \$1



GET
ALL 5
FREE

1

2

3

4

5

"I'm
PROUD
to be
seen
with
Jim
NOW!
Every-
body
admires
his build," says Nellie.
"Jim can lift the front
of a 2700 lb. car.
He amazes his friends!"

You'll be
A Real
ATHLETE
in ALL
SPORTS
Soon
after
YOU
mail
Coupon.

Jim is a WINNER
in ALL SPORTS NOW.
YOU will be, too, soon.

COME ON, PAL, NOW YOU give me
10 PLEASANT MINUTES A DAY
in YOUR OWN HOME like Jim did
and I'll give YOU A NEW HE-MAN BODY
for your OLD SKELETON FRAME

NO! I don't care how skinny or flabby
you are I'll make you OVER by the
SAME method I turned myself from a
wreck to the strongest of the strong.
Why can't I do for you what I did for
MANY THOUSANDS of skinny fellows
like YOU?

Develop YOUR 520 MUSCLES
Gain Pounds, INCHES FAST!

YES! You'll see INCHES of MIGHTY
MUSCLE added to your ARMS and
CHEST Your BACK and SHOULDERS
broadened. From head to heels you'll
gain SIZE, POWER, SPEED You'll be A
WINNER in EVERYTHING you tackle.

"Congratulations,
John! At last you
mailed the coupon
as EVERY MAN
should! Soon You'll
be as big and strong
as I am,"
says Jim Norman
to John Luckson

LAST CHANCE-ALL FREE COUPON

1. FIVE COURSES 2. MUSCLE METER
3. Photo Book of STRONG MEN

Mail Me How to
WIN \$100, etc.

JOWETT INSTITUTE

220 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK 11, N.Y.

Dept. CH-67

Dear Gentles: Please mail me my FREE "Secrets" Photo Book of
20-day Men and a Muscle Meter, plus all 5 HE-MAN Building
Courses: 1. How to Build a Mighty Chest, 2. How to Build a
Mighty Arm, 3. How to Build a Mighty Grip, 4. How to Build a
Mighty Back, 5. How to Build Mighty Legs. Name all in One
Name. How to receive a Mighty HE-MAN. Enclosed find 10¢
FOR POSTAGE AND HANDS - NO C.O.D.'s

NAME _____ AGE _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____

SAVES you YEARS and DOLLARS!!!

SIX GUN HEROES

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SIX-GUN HEROES

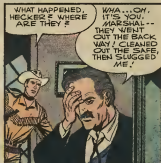
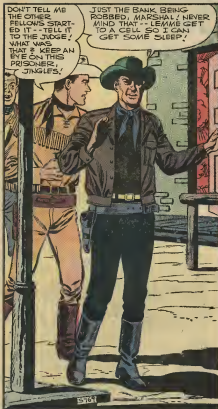
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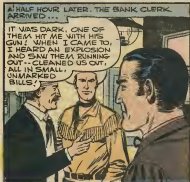
Alfred P. Faj Executive Editor

Jingles AND Wild Bill Hickok in 'MARKED MONEY'

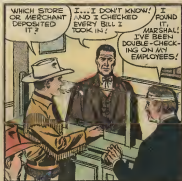
BABUJO, IN WESTERN KANSAS, WAS TOUGH -- A BOOM TOWN CROWDED WITH GAMBLERS AND COWBOYS! IT NEEDED A STRONG HAND SUCH AS MARSHAL WILD BILL'S TO KEEP ORDER!



SIX-GUN HEROES

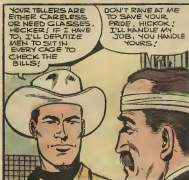


A WEEK WENT BY AND THE CRIME WAS STILL UNSOLVED! THEN A TWENTY DOLLAR BILL SHOWED UP...

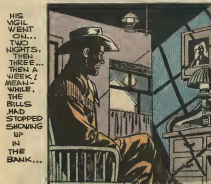


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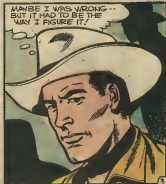
THERE WAS
PLENTY TO
KEEP WILD
BILL AND
JINGLES
BUSY--
FIGHTS,
PETTY
ROBBERY,
GUNFIGHTS!
BUT
THE MARSHAL
KEPT
WORKING
ON
THE BANK
ROBBERY
WHEN
EVER
HE
COULD...



THE
MARSHAL
KNEW
HE
HAD
TO MAKE
A
MOVE
BEFORE
THE
CRIME
BECAME
ANCIENT
HISTORY!
HE
HAD
A
HUNCH...
THAT
COST
HIM A
LOT
OF
SLEEP...



HIS
VIGIL
WENT
ON...
TWO
NIGHTS,
THEN
THREE...
THEN A
WEEK!
MEAN-
WHILE,
THE
BILLS
HAD
STOPPED
SHOWING
UP
IN
THE
BANK...



MAYBE I WAS WRONG...
BUT IT HAD TO BE THE
WAY I FIGURE IT!

SIX-GUN HEROES



OH... OH...

A FEW MINUTES LATER, WHEN
WILD BILL CAME TO...

WHAT A WALLOP!
OH, OH, IT
HAPPENED
AGAIN!



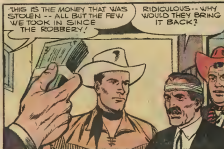
THIS
IS
FUNNY!
THE
SAFE
IS
OPEN,
BUT
THERE'S
STILL
MONEY
IN IT!

I DIDN'T KNOW
YOU NEEDED MONEY
THIS BAD, BILL!
I SAW THE LIGHT
IN THE STREET!



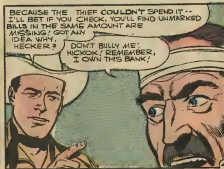
WHAT'S
HAPPENED
HERE?
SMITH
JUST
WOKE
ME
UP
WHEN
HE SAW
LIGHTS!

IT LOOKED LIKE AN-
OTHER ROBBERY,
BUT THE ROBBERS
LEFT ALL THIS IN
THE SAFE!



THIS IS THE MONEY THAT WAS
STOLEN -- ALL BUT THE FEW
WE TOOK IN SINCE
THE ROBBERY!

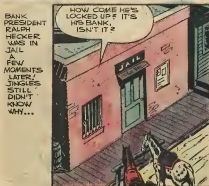
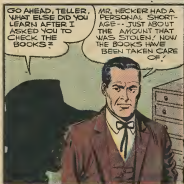
RIDICULOUS -- WHY
WOULD THEY BRING
IT BACK?



BECAUSE THE THIEF COULDN'T SPEND IT --
I'LL BET IF YOU CHECK, YOU'LL FIND UNMARKED
BILLS IN THE SAME AMOUNT ARE
MISSING! GOT ANY
IDEA WHY,
HECKER?

DON'T BULLY ME,
HICKOK! REMEMBER,
I OWN THIS BANK!

SIX-GUN HEROES

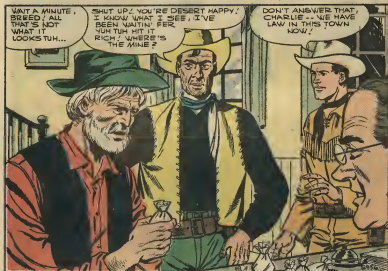


SIX-GUN HEROES

in CACTUS CHARLIE

Wild Bill Hickok AND ANGLES

"OLD" CHARLIE WASN'T SO OLD-- BUT YEARS OF PROSPECTING IN THE DESERT HAD WITHERED AWAY ADDITIONAL YEARS! USUALLY, HE CAME BACK TIRED, HINGRY, AND BROKE! BUT ON THE LAST TRIP, HIS BURRO WAS LOADED WITH SMALL BAGS OF GOLD! EVERY CROOK IN TOWN ITCHED TO FIND OUT -- AND WILD BILL HICKOK KNEW IT...



WAIT A MINUTE, BREED! ALL THAT'S NOT WHAT IT LOOKS TUH...

SHUT UP! YOU'RE DESERT HAPPY! I KNOW WHAT I SEE, I'VE BEEN WAITIN' FER YUH TUH HIT IT RICH! WHERE'S THE MINE?

DON'T ANSWER THAT, CHARLIE -- WE HAVE LAW IN THIS TOWN NOW!

CACTUS CHARLIE HAD BE-COME A JOKE IN GALENA BEFORE THAT-- OTHERS HAD TRAMP-ED THE DESERT AND FOUND NOTHING! THEY LEFT... BUT CHARLIE KEPT GOING...

HERE COMES A PROSPECTOR! THERE'S NO ORE AROUND HERE, IS THERE?

CACTUS CHARLIE CLAIMS THERE IS! HE'S BEEN TRYING SINCE THIS TOWN WAS BUILT! HE'LL BE BROKE NOW TILL HE FINDS A NEW GRUB- STAKE!

THAT BURRO HAS QUITE A LOAD! ALL GOLD, I RECKON! I'M THE MARSHAL!

GLAD TUH MEET YUH! IT'S SURE A TREAT TUH GET BACK TO TOWN!



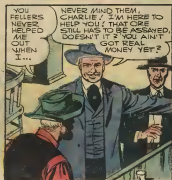
SIX-GUN HEROES



SIX-GUN HEROES



THE SMELL OF RAW GOLD SEEMED TO HANG OVER THE TOWN-- AND CACTUS CHARLIE SEEMED TO HAVE FRIENDS EVERYWHERE...



SIX-GUN HEROES



IT
WAS
FIVE
MINUTES
BEFORE
THE
MOST
FAMOUS
MARSHAL
IN THE
WEST
REGAINED
CONSCIOUS-
NESS! THEN
HE
REPORTED
THE
LOSS
TO
CACTUS
CHARLIE...



SIX-GUN HEROES

YEP, SOME CROOKS
LIFTED CACTUS
CHARLIE'S GOLD!
LOOKED LIKE A
TINHORN NAMED
DAVIS BUT I
CAN'T PROVE
IT!

MAYBE HE'LL
GET AWAY
WITH IT THEN!
JUST SO HE
KEEPS IT
HIDDEN FOR
A WHILE!

THE MARSHAL WASN'T JUST SPREADING GOSSIP,
HE WANTED THE WOLVES TO FIGHT THE WOLVES...

SEE YOU, ED!
IT'S GETTING
LATE!



HE KNOWS
MORE ABOUT
BREED DAVIS
THAN I DO!
THINK I'LL
STICK WITH
HIM!

LEGGETT WENT TO A
SMALL HOUSE ON THE
EDGE OF TOWN!



THE SAME
DEAL GOES
FOR YOU,
DAVIS! TEN
THOUSAND
FOR ALL THE
BAGS OF ORE!
SIGHT
UNSEEN!

MAKE IT
TWELVE!
YOU
KNOW
CHARLIE
ONLY
SHOWED
PURE
GOLD
AROUND
TOWN!



I KNOW I'LL DOUBLE MY
MONEY, BUT YOU MADE
A DEAL, DAVIS!

I'LL SETTLE
FOR CASH,
LEGGETT!
AND GLAD TO
GET IT!

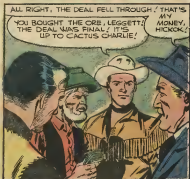


YOU BOYS BETTER NOT
TRY TO PICK UP THE
MARBLES, THEY
STILL BELONG
TO CACTUS CHARLIE!

YOU NOSED IN
AT THE WRONG
TIME, HICKOK!



SIX-GUN HEROES





SIX-GUN HEROES GUNNING FOR TROUBLE

By Al Packer



WINDY DALEY was the most worried camp cook in all of North Mesquite. Soon he knew that his seven year old hero worshipper Larry would flog him out for the fraud he was. Oh, not that he had done anything really bad. His only wrong had been exaggerating just a mite in order to live up to the exalted opinion the boss' young son had of him. Larry was at that age when the capture of outlaws was the most fascinating subject in the world. So it was only natural that he should expect the one man he preferred to all the wranglers on his Dad's ranch to regale him with tales of facing down desperadoes. All well and good—except that Windy Daley had never fired a gun in anger in his life.

Windy was a consistent enough shot. His aim was unerring inasmuch that he never hit the target. Long before his friendship with Larry had begun, he had abandoned the wearing of six-guns. There just wasn't any point in it for one who used them so poorly. The only thing remotely resembling shooting irons to be found in his possession these days were the wooden models of famous sheriff's guns he whittled for Larry.

The old cook did have a talent for this last as the model currently in work attested. A copy of the hogleg made famous by Wild Bill Hickok, it looked almost as real as the one that had tamed many an owlhoot. But actually it was no more dangerous than Windy himself.

Windy looked fondly at the little boy who had fallen asleep in a corner chair of the cookhouse, then sighed and bent back to his work. Deftly, his knife scratched a few notches in the barrel in faithful imitation of the real and famous gun. Larry would enjoy this one! It was a good thing, too, for exposure was galloping Windy's way with all the force of a stampeding Longhorn herd.

He recalled all too vividly the day his undoing had begun. He and Larry had been alone in the cookhouse and, as usual, Larry had begged for some more accounts of Windy's daring. Windy had been only too happy to oblige—and carried away with his own enthusiasm had

taken Larry with him on a flight of fancy to the day he and his old saddle sidekick, Buffalo Bill, had faced down an entire gang of bank robbers. This had been a particularly good story—and Windy didn't hear the steps of the foreman, Sage Casey, as he came in to sneak a pre-grub sandwich.

Enthralled, Sage had listened as avidly as Larry, and broke in only when Windy had paused for breath and fresh ammunition to feed Buffalo Bill.

"Never did hear of you being such a powerful hand with a hogleg afore this," drawled Sage.

Appalled, Windy turned to face the voice that hinted doom. He didn't care for himself; he was used to ridicule. But the fleeting glimpse of disillusionment that had crept into Larry's face at the obvious sarcasm chilled Windy. He couldn't let that boy find his hero was a faker. In time, when Larry was older he'd confess himself, and they'd laugh about it together. All this raced through his frenzied mind as his eyes made mute appeal to Sage for mercy. Well, he had carried it off that time. Sage had fallen in with the game, but had passed the word to the others in the bunkhouse. From then on, Windy's nights had been made hideous by being forced to recount over and over again for the amused waddies his fictitious tales of daring. Yet for Larry's sake he gladly took the abuse, happy that the boy had not been hurt.

But today there had been the stew! Ah, yes, the stew! It hadn't been such a bad stew, Windy still thought. Yet it had resulted in inflaming the always uncertain temper of Sage Casey. An angry Casey had not hesitated to employ the one weapon he could use against Windy—exposure to Larry!

There hadn't been time this morning. Larry had still been in bed, and Sage was needed on the range. But the tortured hours of the day fled all too swiftly for Windy. Soon he and Larry would not be the only ones left on the ranch. Minutes more now and Casey and the boys would come whooping and hollering in

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to show up Windy for what he really was—an old camp cook with a big imagination and a bigger tongue.

Windy sighed and sadly carved another notch on the model of Wild Bill's famous gun.

That dust down the lane—it must be the boys now! Seemed a little early for them to be riding home, but then they were probably anxious to get on with the fun of showing him up. Might just as well get his gear packed. Say, maybe that would be an idea! He could sneak off the ranch quietly without waiting for the guffaws of Casey and the tears of Larry. No, by gum! Windy Daley wouldn't slink off! He might be a braggart, but he sure wasn't a coyote. He had promised Larry the model of Wild Bill's gun, and by Kit Carson's beard he was going to get it. Another few minutes and it would be finished . . . but the reflection was twin to the thought that Windy Daley would be finished, too, in the eyes of a disillusioned Larry.

Say, that dust was being kicked up by only one horse. And a strange one at that. Windy couldn't recall ever having seen a cayuse that odd iodine color around these parts before. Certainly not one that had obviously been ridden so hard. Shucks, that was no way for an hombre to treat a mount. Maybe Windy was only a cook, but even he knew better than that. Knew everything except to keep his mouth shut.

He watched the rider dismount and head toward the ranchhouse yard. Sure looked like that fellow had come a far piece—and in a powerful hurry, too. There was something wrong about the way he walked. Honest waddies didn't keep darting nervous glances behind them. Then Windy got it. This was an owlhoot on the run, who had chosen the deserted ranch as a likely spot to garner the water necessary to his fight.

"Larry," Windy whispered, and his anxious tone woke the boy and brought him hustling over. "Look, son, there's a wrong hombre outside. Just keep quiet and we'll be safe enough in here. Probably doesn't figure there's anyone about. Let him fill his canteen from the well and ride on."

"But, Windy," the boy protested, "Here's your chance to show me how you *really* catch an owlhoot. Why don't you get him?"

Why didn't he get him? Windy froze at the

thought. Imagine him—a lowly camp cook standing up to someone who was so evidently a desperado. Oh, no, not Windy. But then another idea shouldered aside his natural fear. Here was a graceful way out. Why not go out and face the outlaw? He was certain to fall before the blazing guns, but Larry would never know him for a braggart. Even Sage Casey would not expose a man who had died heroically.

Then, strangely, Windy found himself walking through the door. Walking to what he knew was certain doom, but yet his stride was purposeful as he approached the outlaw. Nothing betrayed the fear within him as he tapped the stranger's shoulder. To the last he stood bravely, looking into the beady eyes, and watching the grumpy hand dart for a holster.

But then suddenly the tough let his gun fall to the ground, and raised his arms fearfully above his head. Startled, Windy looked at something he never expected to see . . . a man who was more frightened at the prospect of gun play than he was! Almost without thinking he took the rope that little Larry had thrust into his hands and tied his captive.

Sage Casey and the hands rode in on schedule, hooting in derision as they spotted the figures of Windy and Larry in the ranch house yard. But their shouts quickly turned to whistles of admiration as they also observed the other figure bound hand and foot.

IT was Sage Casey who found words first. "Jed Corey!" he exclaimed. "The fastest gunslinger in the Territory—captured by a cook!"

"You don't fool me none," Corey answered. "He's no cook. I rode against a lot of bad ones in my time, but I don't aim to tangle with any hombre who can wear a Wild Bill Hickok hogleg with seven notches."

Windy darted an excited glance at the wooden model gun that in the confusion he had thrust in his belt. Sage Casey looked, too, then laughed in understanding. Throwing an arm about the old cook's shoulders, he said, "Let's you, me and Larry go have some of that good stew. And don't forget we want to hear more stories of your gun fightin' days." He punctuated the sentence with a sly wink at Windy. There was no longer any danger of Larry being hurt.

THE END

Jingles

AND **Wild Bill Hickok** in *The* **FRECKLES CHAMP OF TOMBSTONE**

ACTING IN MARSHAL HICKOK'S PLACE, JINGLES HAD A NICE SOFT JOB -- ONE OF THREE JUDGES AT THE COUNTY FAIR BEING HELD AT TOMBSTONE! JINGLES FELT RIGHT AT HOME SAMPLING HOME MADE CAKE, PIES, AND OTHER DELICACIES...



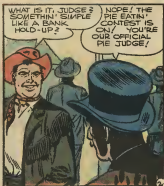
ACTING AS JUDGE AT THE FAIR HAD ORIGINALLY BEEN WILD BILL'S JOB BUT SOMETHING MORE IMPORTANT CAME UP...



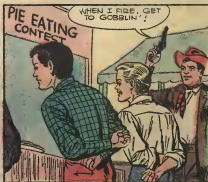
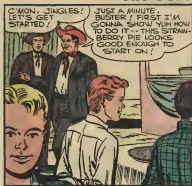
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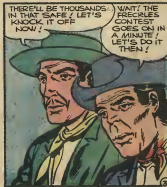
THERE WERE FIGHTS TO BE BROKEN UP, LOST CHILDREN TO FIND, AND JINGLES BEGAN TO FIND THAT THE ASSIGNMENT WASN'T SO EASY...



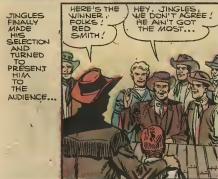
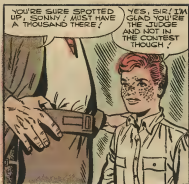
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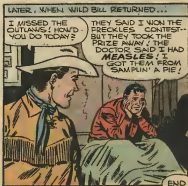
THE DAY WENT ON-- FOOT-RACES, HORSE-RACES, ALL KINDS OF EVENTS! THE FAIR, RUN FOR THE POOR, WAS A FINANCIAL SUCCESS...



SIX-GUN HEROES



SIX-GUN HEROES



Jingles

AND

Wild Bill Hickok

PRISONER AT LARGE



PICKING UP DOC SEARS ON THE HOLD UP CHARGE SEEMED SIMPLE AT FIRST, BUT THEN MARSHAL HICKOK BEGAN HEARING ABOUT HIS PROSPECTIVE PRISONER...



SIX GUN HEROES

IT WAS ONLY A TWENTY MILE RIDE AND THEY WERE THERE THAT EVENING! BILL DECIDED TO CHECK INTO A HOTEL BEFORE TAKING CUSTODY OF SEARS...



THAT'S RIGHT, TWO SINGLE BEDS! WE'LL CHECK OUT EARLY!

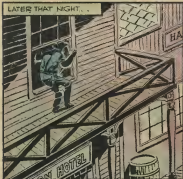
YEAH, AN' WAKE THE COOK UP IN TIME! I'LL WANT ABOUT A DOZEN EGGS SUNNY SIDE UP!

GET SOME SLEEP! YOU'LL WANT TO BE AWAKE TO - MORROW WHEN WE'RE TAKING SEARS IN!

SHUCKS, I'M NOT WORRIED ABOUT HIM -- I JUST HOPE THE COOK KNOWS HOW TUH COOK EGGS!



LATER THAT NIGHT...



AND EARLY THE NEXT MORNING...

BREAKFAST IS OVER, JINGLES! SOMEONE STOLE MY EXTRADITION ORDER AND MY IDENTIFICATION PAPERS!

AW, BILL, THESE EGGS WERE DONE JUST RIGHT, TOO!



SORRY, HICKOK, IF THAT'S WHO YOU ARE! A MAN WITH YOUR PAPERS SHOWED UP AN' CLAIMED THE PRISONER!

HE WAS ONE OF SEARS' GANG! WE'VE GOT TO CATCH THEM!



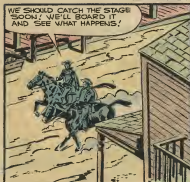
COME ON, BILL! LET'S FIND THEIR TRAIL!

FIRST, WE'VE GOT TO FIGURE WHICH WAY THEY HEADED!

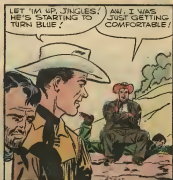
IF IT'S ANY HELP, THE STAGE JUST LEFT WITH TEN THOUSAND IN GOLD! DOC SEARS IS KINDA PARTIAL TUH THAT COLOR!



SIX GUN HEROES



SIX GUN HEROES



Jingles in **ATOMIC ANNIE**

AND **Wild Bill Hickok**

SHE LOOKED SWEET... BUT SHE WAS A BUNDLE OF DYNAMITE WHEN SOMEONE TRIED TO PUT A SADDLE ON HER! YET, JINGLES WAS DETERMINED THAT ATOMIC ANNIE WAS GOING TO BE GENTLED...



S894

JINGLES NEEDED A MULE... AND HE SPENT A LONG TIME LOOKING BEFORE HE FOUND ANNIE AT A NEIGHBORING RANCH...

HEY, QUIT THAT! SHE LIKES ME, JOE! RECKON I'LL TAKE HER!

DON'T TAKE HER, JINGLES! SHE'S PLUMB SWEET TILL SOMEBODY TRIES TUH RIDE HER!



GET SET FOR TROUBLE, JINGLES!

AW, SHE LIKES ME! SHE'LL BE JUST LIKE A KITTEN!



SIX-GUN HEROES



BUT JINGLES WAS SOLD ON ANNIE-- HE LEAD HER TO TOWN THAT EVENING...



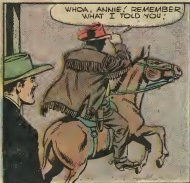
THE WORD WENT AROUND, JINGLES HAD BOUGHT AN ANIE, A MULE WHO COULDN'T BE RIDDEN...



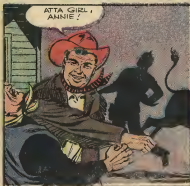
LATER, WITH MARSHAL WILD BILL OUT OF TOWN, OTHER THINGS WERE HAPPENING.



SIX-GUN HEROES



STRANGELY ENOUGH, ATOMIC ANNIE QUIETED DOWN, AND TOOK OFF FAST! THE ROBBERERS WERE JUST GETTING AWAY...



END

SIX-GUN HEROES



LASH LARUE

**LIGHTNING
STRIKES
AGAIN**



THINK I'LL STOP BY AND SEE
MY FRIENDS, BILLY KING AND
HIS WIFE, PRUDENCE! HAVEN'T
SEEN THEM IN MORE THAN A
YEAR! NICE COUPLE!

NOW WHAT IN
THUNDERATION
IS THAT?
WHAT'S
GOING ON?

LOOKS LIKE SOMEONE'S
IN A HURRY TO
HIDE!

SIX-GUN HEROES



SIX-GUN HEROES

"WELL, LIKE I ALWAYS DONE ON FRIDAYS, I STOPPED AT THE BANK AT NOON! THIS TIME, THOUGH...

AIN'T PUTTIN' NONE IN TUDAY, DICK! GOTTA DRAW ALL I GOT, EXCEPT MAYBE A DOLLAR! IT'S PRUE, SHE AIN'T FEELIN' WELL! GOT TO TAKE HER TO DOC MEAPS!

YOU HAVE A BALANCE OF ONLY TWENTY-TWO DOLLARS, BILLY! HOPE PRUE WILL BE BETTER SOON!



...AND LISTEN, I'D LIKE TO ASK A FAVOR OF YOU!

WHY, SHORE!



MIKE THOMPSON LEFT THIS HERE! HE'S LEFT TOWN TODAY, BUT HE'LL BE BACK HOME TOMORROW! SINCE HE LIVES NEAR YOU, MAYBE YOU'LL GIVE IT TO HIM!

SHORE 'NUFF, DICK! GLAD TO!



IT SEEMS WHEN GRACE RANDALL, THE BOOK-KEEPER, CAME BACK FROM LUNCH, SHE FOUND DICK BOUND AND TIED UP, LAYIN' ON THE FLOOR...

WHY...MR. BURNETT!

UNTIE ME, MISS RANDALL! THE VAULT'S BEEN EMPTIED! BILLY KING STUCK A GUN ON ME, THEN TIED ME UP, TOOK THE MONEY IN MIKE THOMPSON'S SATCHEL!



WELL, I WAS GETTIN' READY TUH TAKE PRUE TO THE DOC'S WHEN THE SHERIFF CAME...

I GUESS THIS SATCHEL CLINCHES THE CASE AG'IN YUH, BILLY!

BUT IT'S A LIE, 'SHERIFF! I NEVER DONE IT!

YOU KNOW BILLY WOULDN'T HOLD UP THE BANK, SHERIFF!



SO, WHEN ALL WAS SAID AN' DONE, I FOUND MYSELF IN COUNTY PRISON, LASH! BURNETT SWORE I DONE IT! I WAS GIVEN A TEN YEAR SENTENCE...

PRUE NEEDS ME! GOT TUH GET OUT!



SIX-GUN HEROES

I WATCHED MY CHANCE! THEN I MOVED...



GET IN THE CELL!

YOU'RE MAKIN' A BIG MISTAKE, MISTER!

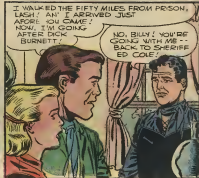


I LEFT, TAKIN' THE PRISON KEYS WITH ME...



I WALKED THE FIFTY MILES FROM PRISON, LASH! AN' I ARRIVED JUST AFORE YOU CAME! NOW, I'M GOING AFTER DICK BURNETT!

NO, BILLY! YOU'RE GOING WITH ME -- BACK TO SHERIFF ED COLE!



LASH USED PLENTY OF PERSUASION AND...

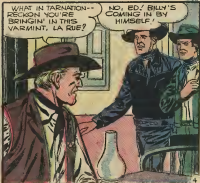
I DUNNO, LASH! IT DON'T MAKE SENSE TUM ME...

I PROMISE YOU, BILLY! IF YOU'RE TELLIN' THE TRUTH, YOU WON'T BE SORRY FOR WHAT YOU'RE DOING!



WHAT IN TARNATION-- RECKON YOU'RE BRINGIN' IN THIS VARMINT, LA RUE?

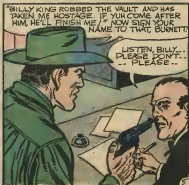
NO, ED! BILLY'S COMING IN BY HIMSELF!



SIX-GUN HEROES



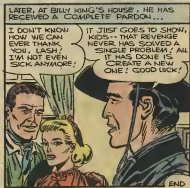
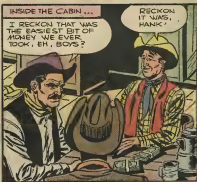
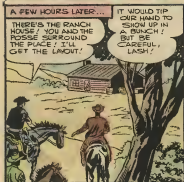
BILLY KING LOOKED BEHIND HIM TO SEE IF LASH OR THE SHERIFF WERE WATCHING HIM! THEN, NOTICING NO ONE ELSE WAS ON THE STREET, HE CROSSED TO THE BANK...



SIX-GUN HEROES



SIX-GUN HEROES



THEY MAILED THIS COUPON!

... and look what I did for them!



"My state increased 15" about 20" last year. Now weigh 132."
—C. W. W. Va.



"Gained 2" in neck; 12" in torso. Now feel better in my life."
—J. B. Calif.



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"A. H. —Kant — Atlas Cup Winner."



"I surprise my friends by out-lifting them."
—D. J. Ind.



"When I started your course I weighed only 141. Now weigh 132."
—T. E. New York



"Here's my photo showing just how I look today. I owe it all to you."
—W. D. New York.



"Have put 31 1/2" on chest (torso). 32" expanded."
—F. S. N.Y.



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